

A

## NEW CITY BALLAD,

Addressed to the LIVERY of LONDON:

By Sir ANDREW FREEPORT's Eldest Son.

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Now or Never.

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**Y**E Livery of LONDON, attend to my Ditty ;  
 Exert all your Power in support of your City :  
 This, this is the Time to arise from your Sleep,  
 And shew old Mother P—L—M you're no scabby Sheep.

*Derry down, down, down derry down.*

Let *C\*\*\*\*\** the Jew make what Offers he will,  
 Remember th' Apostates sole Hand for the Bill ;  
 He voted his God to be no God at all,  
 Then no more let him Vote in St Stephen's Hall.

*Derry down, &c.*

As for *L\*\*\*\*\**, that mighty Distiller of Gin,  
 'Tis very well known what a Pause he was in ;  
 No City-Lands Busineſſ he'd do without Fee ;  
 Sure ſuch a Man ne'er will withstand Bribery.

*Derry down, &c.*

There's BARNARD, you've found him quite true to your Cause,  
 A steady Defender of all City Laws ;  
 His Religion more *open* confirms him your Friend,  
 Than Mitred Lawn Sleeves who to Jew Bills did bend.

*Derry down, &c.*

And BETHELL you've ever prov'd honest and just,  
 He always stood firm to his Word and his Trust ;  
 Your Laws he'll protect, and promote your free Trade,  
 And neither be Placeman nor Pensioner made.

*Derry down, &c.*

In choosing of GLYN, who for Probity's known,  
 Let the old Independence of LONDON be shewn ;  
 He'll never a Tool to bad Ministers be,  
 But for Country and City will always Vote free.

*Derry down, &c.*

The Senator BECKFORD demands your Attention,  
 Who despises a Bribe and laughs at a Pension ;  
 His Country's Liberty he ne'er will Barter  
 For a Title, tho' join'd with a Star and a Garter.

*Derry down, &c.*

Don't forget your Petition by Placemen despis'd,  
 (Their Passions and Principles no way disguis'd)  
 But as Crumbs for their Dogs cast it under the Table,  
 Lets fit 'em for't now my brave Souls—we are able.

*Derry down, &c.*